

SYMPHONY IN YELLOW

An omnibus across the bridge
Crawls like a yellow butterfly,
And, here and there, a passer-by
Shows like a little restless midge.

Big barges full of yellow hay
Are moored against the shadowy wharf,
And, like a yellow silken scarf,
The thick fog hangs along the quay.

The yellow leaves begin to fade
And flutter from the Temple elms,
And at my feet the pale green Thames
Lies like a rod of rippled jade.

Oscar Wilde



James Abbot MacNeill Whistler, *Nocturne: Blue and Silver – Chelsea*, 1871

Wilde, Oscar: *The Complete Works. Bd. 1 Poems and Poems in Prose*. Hrsg. Russell Jackson und Ian Small.
(Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2000: 168)

Abb.: Whistler, James MacNeill (Ill.): *James McNeill Whistler*. Hrsg. Richard Dorment und Margaret F. Macdonald.
(London: Tate Gallery Publications, 1994: 123)

14

Don't let that horse
eat that violin

cried Chagall's mother

But he
kept right on
painting

And became famous

And kept on painting
The Horse With Violin In Mouth

And when he finally finished it
he jumped up upon the horse
and rode away
waving the violin

And then with a low bow gave it
to the first naked nude he ran across

And there were no strings
attached

Lawrence Ferlinghetti